



A Man who entertains an
high opinion of himself, is naturally
ungreatfull. He has too great an esteem of his
own merit, to be thankfull for any favours received.
Clearness is the rule of speaking, as sincerity is the ^{rule} of
thinking. Too bright sallies of wit, like flashes of lightning,
rather dazzle than illuminate. Prosperity quickens, and
gives a kind of false courage to men of low, degenerate
minds, and dresses them up in an outward grandeur
which improves upon the majority of mankind,
but adversity is the touchstone of souls truly great
and generous. So fond of liberty is man, that
to restrain him from any thing ^{he} loves
indifferent, is sufficient to make thing an
object of desire.

of Colledge
one
one
pur

The labring bee by God instructed knows,
Where opening flowers their balmy sweets disclose;
The rising sun, her daily task renews,
Wide, o'er the plains, she sips the pearly dews;
From mead to mead, she wanders through the skies,
And yellow thyme distends her loaded thighs.
Each rift'd flow'r rewards her painful toil,
And her full hive receives the golden spoil;
On flagging wings each load she thither bears,
And while the summer smiles, for winter's wants pre-

An Elegy on a Village Youth.

Upon this Day let Contemplation weep,
And meek-eyed Pity drop the pearly tear;
For here alone doth virtue silent sleep,
A rustick youth, but friendly and sincere.

Where yon green hillock meets the stranger's view,
Beneath the bending willow's pensive shade,
Here lies as fair a flower as ever grew,
The sylvan youth that once adorn'd the glade.

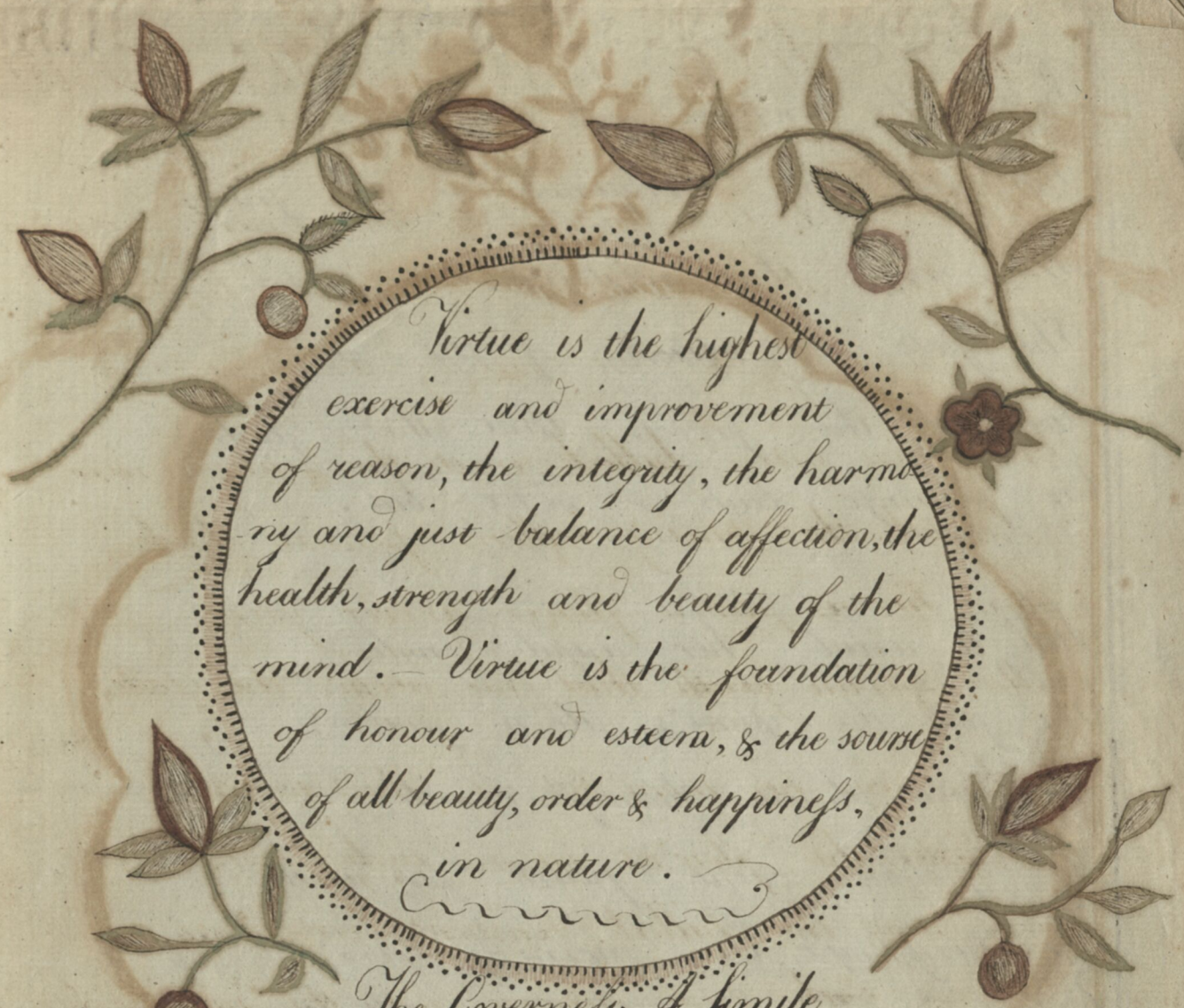
Calm was his morn, but eve, alas! too soon,
Blasted the flow'et in an early hour;
Then may this hillock constant ever bloom,
Bloom with fresh verdure from the passing shower.

Ye gentle songsters of the distant vale!
Oft hath he listened to your morning song;
Here on this hillock tell the mournfull tale,
And whispering zephyrs waft the notes along.

A DIGRESSION.

How fair & sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows;
For without art the noblest seeds,
Of flowers degenerate into weeds.
The paradise was e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care:
The whole world without art or dress,
Would be but one great wilderness.

As when
Bound from
Now harm
Now near
Th' indulg
Lest from
And as th
So, the fo
By wisdom
When her
Suspend t
With jeal
Lest they



Virtue is the highest
exercise and improvement
of reason, the integrity, the harmo-
ny and just balance of affection, the
health, strength and beauty of the
mind. — Virtue is the foundation
of honour and esteem, & the source
of all beauty, order & happiness,
in nature.

The Governess: A simile.

As when blith lambs their vernal revels keep,
Bound from the turf, and o'er the hillocks leap;
Now harmless cry to butt, then run away;
Now reared feed and thus consume the day—
Th' indulgent shepherd's attentive lies,
Lest from the woods some sudden foe should rise,
And as they play, her harmless flock surprise. }
So, the sage governess, whose tender care
By wisdom's dictates, forms the tender fair;
When her gay female throng, to sport inclin'd,
Suspend the nobler pleasures of the mind,
With jealous eyes each motion does survey,
Lest they should swerve from virtue in their play.

THE FIFTH.

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more -- that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the grace's silken smiles;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth
The cherry, dyt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These are her infant spoils, a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At eve, she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the day.
She sung; amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd.
She play'd; the Muses from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great force apply
And t'other day
If lovers, Cupid
Exert thy ven
To trial bring
And let her

My banks the
Whose marm
My grottoes a
And my hill
I seldom have
Such health
My fountains
Where the ha
Not a pine in
But with re
Not a beech's
But a free
Not my fields
More charm
Not a brook
But it glitte
One would th
To the bon
Not a shrub
But I hasted
O how sudden
With the le
Already it co
To prune the
From the pla
What strains

Great Jove approv'd her charms and art;
And either day she stole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be thy arms.

HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a lop,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tenorils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.
One would think she might like to retire
To the cover I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!

How

Address to Good nature.

Kind guardian of the peaceful breast, Smooth as the gentle gliding brook;
Make me thy amicable guest. Whose tranquil breast and temper even,
Come, loveliest cherub of the sky, Makes thee the child of heaven:
With dimpled smile and sparkling eye Give me thy enlivening power
Whose soul no rage did e'er deform, To fill with joy the social hour!

No more and

Whose

this once

this more

Farewell no more the

Alexander

And
The pleasing
Amid the
The smiles
Are all al
How vast
Till dreary
And stern
And leaves
The golden
Displays
But soon
And yields
Alas! how
And ev'ry
Which fra
Each hour
All human
And time
Expanding
We bloom
Not so the
Where fair
Shall rise
In heaven's
Are the gr

An Eulogy.

The pleasing gales that gentle summer yields,
Amid the gay profusion of his store,
The smiles of nature and of verdant fields,
Are all alas! but blessings of an hour.
How vast the beauties they around display,
Till dreary winter reassumes his reign,
And sternly bids them vanish and decay,
And leaves no traces on the pensive plain.
The golden cornstip on the enamel'd mead,
Displays his youthful glories to the view,
But soon he droops his solitary head,
And yields his virtue to the evening's dew.
Alas! how transient is the dream of life,
And ev'ry heartfelt comfort we enjoy,
Which fraught with care solicitude & strife,
Each hour attempts our blessings to destroy.
All human scenes are subject to decay;
And time asserts an all prevailing power;
Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
We bloom to wither as the tender flower.
Not so the soul, its views sublime and pure,
Where faith and hope and charity unite,
Shall rise and dwell eternally secure,
In heaven's unfading mansions of delight.
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the fountains as fresh and free.

How the night
From thickets
And when
Each bird
In a concert
As — she
I have ^{found} out a
I have found
But let me
She will go
For he ne'er
Who could
And I lov'd
Such tender
I have heard
How that
That it ever
And she
But her voice
So much I
Let her go
Methinks
Can a bosom
Unmov'd,
Will a nymph
These places
Dear regions
Soft scenes
Where I could
If ought, in
But where
Ah! where
Are the groves

Now the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As — she may not be fond to resign.
I have ^{found} out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she avers,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.
I have heard her with sweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to — a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Nethinks I ſhould love her the more.
Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If ought, in her abſence, could pleaſe.
But where does my Phillida ſtray?
Ah! where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

~~no more ſcenes of contentment and eaſe.~~

And

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare;
But their love is equal to mine.



A Song.

Flut'ring spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid to my heart;
Ia slave in thy dominions,

Nature must give way to Art.
Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath you flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the Bear, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.
Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,

Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirror,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.
Mournful cypress, verdent willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On the margin loves wander,

With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philonela drooping,

Softly seeks her silent mate,

See the bird of Jove's foretelling; Melody resigns to fate.

To the mem
Hark you a
Fled is the
The bars are
Escap'd, it jo
Death solemn
Deaf to the
Soon as revot
Lops the n
Had wealer
At Virtue
Not then
Nor plain
Not then ha
Each pass
Had flow'd
And Grief
O pure of m
Bless'd we
Who ne'er w
But felt p
Nor thine to
(Thought
On each wa
And wroo
Ah! what a
Art had
Have these, p
To lock the
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By Mr. Ogil,

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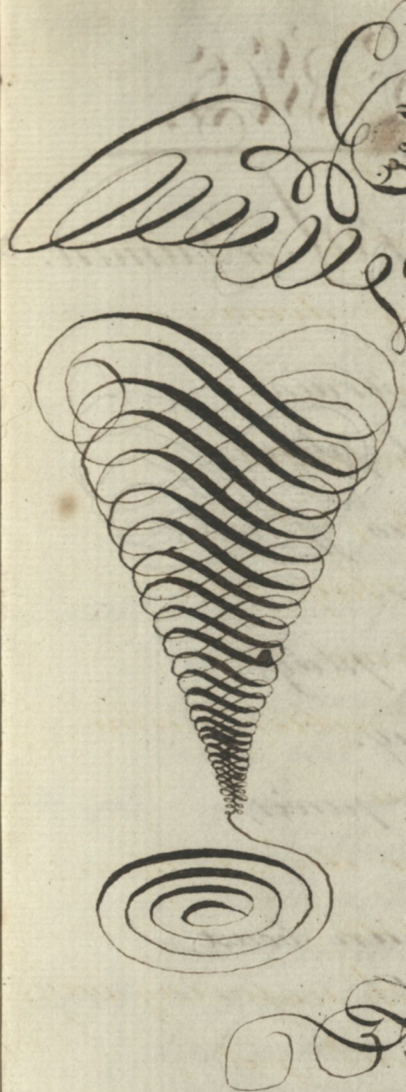
Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juvon drooping; No body resigns to fate.

Thus when Philonela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juvro drooping;

These but inflame the grief they ought to cure.
Vain even Religion, when th' unerring dart
Consigns her votaries to the silent tomb;
Vain is the aid her glorious views impart;
Still weeps weak Pity o'er the untimely doom.
Not all thy virtues in thy race behold,
To Reason's voice subdue strong Nature's call:
Thought makes the good, on life's extended field
A few, and passion mourns them as they fall.
The Muse alone, as down the tide of Time
Sweeps man's frail race, selects each nobler name;
Sees Virtue soaring to an happier clime,
Marks her long flight, and gives her deeds to Fame.
She (yet in Flattery's soothing arts unskild)
O'er *Sturfield's* tomb shall strew th' unfading bay;
Her melting lyre its sweetest notes shall yield;
And o'er his memory pour this grateful lay:
Here rests (let Pride's reluctant ear attend!)
Whom title ne'er seduc'd, nor grandeur mov'd:
Unblam'd alike as husband, father, friend;
In death lamen, as in life belov'd.

Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls you: ye lose the prime, to mark how spring
The tended plants, how blows the citron groves;
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
How Nature paints her colours; how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets.

See yonder bee, which thro' the breezing grove
With feeble wings and idle murmurs rove,
Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing tails,
From chymes sweet-breathing culls his flowery spoils.



Casimir in
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venture ab
Child of the
No longer
Arise to light
Rival the

The rains an
Winter ret
Come then, th
Come, lovely

The sun is a
To give thy
Young zephyr
To fan thy



Casimir in a very poetical manner, addresses himself
to the dormant rose; and most prettyly invites her to
venture abroad, by the mention of these two circumstances.
Child of the Summer, charming Rose,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light, thy form disclose;
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way:
Come then, thou sweetly blushing flow'r;
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is drest in beaming smiles,
To give thy beauties to the day:
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play;
Two gentle forms before thy glass.

JOVIAL POEMS.

Spring; The First Pastoral: or Damon.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair chames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing:

Let vernal airs though trembling o'ers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!

O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you turn the lyre:

So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' æreal audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook of the nightly dew,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, & the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's brow side,

Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Here how the birds on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous musick, wake the dawning day!

Why sit we mute, and early linnets sing,

When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad, ~~retroffer~~ when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

(Streph.)

Streph. Sing the
While you
Here the
Here west
I'll stake
And from

Daph. And I the
And sweet
Four figu
The vario
And wha
Where tve

Dam. Then sin
Now has
Now lea
Begin, the

Streph. Inspire
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That thre

Daph. O Love!
And mak
No lamb
Thy vict

Streph. Me gent
Then hid
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Daph. The spr
She run
While a
How m

Streph. O'er go
And tre
Bless'd
Feed here

Daph. Celestial
Diana Cyn
If Windsor
Cynthia a

Streph. All na
Hush'd
If Delia
The skies

Daph. All na
The sun
Two fem

M.S.

M. or Damon.

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Stroph.

Stroph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While you slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain;
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake you lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bind the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

Dam. Then sing by turns by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

Stroph. Inspire me, Phoebus in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim love shall be the shepherd's heart.

Stroph. Me gentle Delia beckens from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Stroph. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bless'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthia, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthia and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Stroph. All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds and closed the drooping flowers,
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The suns mild lustre warms the vital air;

Two female forms before them stand.

If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.
Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove;
But Delia always, absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn, ripe, yet mild as may;
More bright than noon, and fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
* A wondrous tree that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
* The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephen and the lamb to thee:
Blest fawns, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excell;
Blest nymphs, whose fawns those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and hast to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleads fruitful show'rs descend.

* A wondrous tree that sacred Monarchs bears? An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

* Alludes to the device of the Queen Anna; and to the arms of France, the flower-de-lis.

Summer

A shepherd
Led forth his
Where danc'd
And verdant
Soft as he
The flocks are
The Naiads
And fore
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That ador
Hear what
From love,
Ye shady
Defence from
To you I
The woods
The hills
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The bleating
They parch'd
The sultry
While in thy
Where for
While your
In those fa
Or else wh
As in the
Fresh rising
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I shun tho
Once I was
And ev'ry
Ah wretched
To cure thy
Let other
Feed fairer
But right
Embrace my
That flute
Inspire's who
He said, Al
That caught
But now
Two ferra

Summer The Second Pastoral or Alexis. To M. Garth

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thames,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in every watery bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O Garth! the Muses early lays,
That add this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phoebus not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They partake with heat, but I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains;
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines with hopeless love?
In those faire fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam' his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun those fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend thy rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer flocks shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reed shall hang on yonder tree,
Two female forms before them stand.

Forever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made, of some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and pan applauds the song.
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruits and milk white turtles bring,
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the fountains the fairest flow'r design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In home all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delights in Sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Dianna haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymphs, and bless the silent hours,
When fountains from shearing feet their nightly bow'r,
When weary reapers quit their sultry fields,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpant Love abides.
Here bus from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chaunt in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'r above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strains,
The wondering forest soon shall dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herd to murr'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the prancing flocks remove;
If gods and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun to milder rays descends

To the cool
On me loves
By night h

Autumn;

Beneath the
Hylas and
This mourn'd
And Delia's
Ye mantua
Hylas and

Thou, whom
The art of
Whose fence
Whose judgm
Oh, skill'd
Their awleap

Now setti
And fleecy
When tunc
Taught rock

Go, gentle
To Delia's car
As some fa
And with d
Thou, far from
Alike unhear

Go, gentle g
For her, the
For her, the
For her, the

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Ye birds tha
Ye trees th
Say, is not a

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Fate ev'ry bl
Die ev'ry gl

What have
Let spring
Let op'nin
And liqui

Go, gentle
The birds f
The winds

Two fern

To the cool ocean, whence his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames forever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

Autumn; The 3.^d Pastoral or, Hylas and Elgon. To Mr. Wycherley.
Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Elgon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove.
Ye mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Elgon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose fence instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their untold passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phoebe shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.

As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills surrounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, un pity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quins neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny:
For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn's heat removes,
Say, is not absence death to those that love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curst be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.

What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knot oak's adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
Two female forms before them stand.

The streams to murmur, etc. I cease to love.
No bubbling fountains to the thirsty fountains,
No balmy rest to lab'ours faint with pain,
No show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia found,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy fooths my mind!
Is lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?

She comes, my Delia comes! — now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourself inspir'd.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
Loose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoke from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Ere on the wind I carry'd her amorous vows,
While she with garlands bound the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away,
So dies her love; and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain:
Now golden fruit on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just gods! must all things yield returns but love:

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherd's cry "Thy flocks are left a prey —"
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move
And is there magic but what dwells in love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains
I'll fly from shepherds' flocks and flow'ry plains.
From shepherds' flocks, and plains, I may remove

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For sake mankind, and all the world but love!
I know the Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave the suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn:
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Rejoice, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till the approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When galling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

Winter; The 4th Pastoral or, Daphne.

To the memory of Mrs Tempest.

Lycidas. Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring:

Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding in their vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping sheep on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyrsis. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd and their verdure lost.

Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard their numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lycidas. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.

Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyrsis. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphe and sylvens cypresses garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

"Fair Daphne's dead and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!

Two female forms before them stand.

Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd and with her they die.

Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse the verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Sament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmurs to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passions, and o'ersflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! and glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves forever green!
Their while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
On from those meads, select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

Sycidas. Now all

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Two fern

Lycidas. How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening when the listening breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, and flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

Thyrsis. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

The Tempest. A descriptive Poem. Addressed to a Lady.

See from the north a fable column rise,
Beneath the skirt of yonder azure skies,
Slow gradual rising like the billowy main,
Portending horror to the fearful swain.
Now from the west the nimble zephyr blows,
Soft and as slowly as the fountain flows,
From every point the winged breezes veer,
And from aloft the distant rumbling hear,
Deep black'ning vapours cloud the gloomy skies,
In fable majesty the columns rise,
A partial sprinkling wets the dewy lawn,
Like bright Aurora's in the limpid morn.
See from the fields the jocund swain retires,
And the loon peasant to his mould'ring fires;
See loving herds search for the favourite glades,
And sadden'd birds retire to sylvan shades.
Whilst the fierce fereed that traverses the ground,
The rider spurs him and the plains resound;
Some thatch roof'd cottage in its ragged form,
Shelters the noble from the inclement storm.
The rustling winds, impell'd by magic sway,
In wanton conflict drive their headlong way;
The bowing woods receive the bending stroke
The elm majestic, and the reverend oak
Hark from the west the madning tumult roars
Like some cornard when its fury paws,
When storms of hail unthrall'd in wanton whirl,
With devastation sweep a frightened world.

Two female forms before them stand.

And heav'n's loud cascades dash upon the plains,
And battles, charg'd with all their furious rain,
Disgorge, now rush upon the parched lawn,
Sweep haughty hills and bend the ruffled corn.
See from the cloud the forked lightning flies,
Swift as the cherub thro' th' Eompyran skies,
With ruddy stripes it darts in ev'ry line,
And angry flames thro' all the Welkin shine.
Now hideous thunder rolls amid the clouds,
Harsh, crashing bursts the elemental shrouds,
As when aloft dread hurricanes arise,
And with horrendous shattering rend the skies.
The furious wind and wanton storms subside
The ^{fable} cloud retires in awful pride,
The thundering tumult mutters from afar,
Concord succeeds the elemental war.
Now heav'n born peace extends her roseate hand,
Drives stormy terrors by her magic wand;
The mantled heav'n's unloose their fable veil,
And blossom's charms descend on ev'ry dale;
The tuneful lark prolongs his matin lay,
And all the songsters of the foliage's spray;
New charms expand and to the ravish'd eye,
Unfold the flow'rs adorn'd with Syrian dye.
View Iris glory on the crystal sphere,
Ting'd in the varying colours of the year,
In gaysome hues its vivid charms unfold
Its purple borders and its stripes of gold.
Look now, O Juliet o'er the livid way,
The flow'ry lawns and vernal landscapes gay;
See dancing graces thro' the meadows move,
The cheerful fields and banks of hollow'd love.
See rosy health now trips along the plain,
And animating show'rs have rear'd the grain;
From ev'ry shrub the spring incense flows,
The fragrant jess'min smiles with yonder rose.
Tho' thunder's voice may virtue's soul surprise,
And striped lightnings darting thro' the skies,
Yet learn with joy to bless the angry rod,
Since heav'n's its author, and its parent God.

Composed by

How swift
More swift
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Night being
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Myriads
Two fern

Composed by Peleg Folger on his entering the 24 year of his age

How swift my time hath flown away
More swiftly than the rays of light
That shine throughout the live-long day
And usher in the darksome night

Night being past the silver morn
Returns more glorious than before
The rural flowers and fields to adorn
Those happy creatures ask no more

How sweetly Philomela sings
The sun doth in his glory rise
Celestial joy and pleasure brings
Shining throughout the azure skies

But oh my day light being past
Will ne'er return as 'twas before
Eternity will ever last
A boundless sea without a shore

Thou O my soul canst ne'er expect
An heavenly mansion to the sent
Whilst thy dear self thou dost neglect
In time unprofitably spent

My flying time! how soon 'tis gone
Full three and twenty fruitless years
My work alas remains undone
O may I strive with prayers and tears

The time to come is not our own
The time that's past is past recall
The present time and that alone
If all we claim our precious all

O may I so improve my time
Tho my outside to dust returns
My soul to heaven may swiftly climb
Untill the resurrection morn
My happiness would never end
This day would never have a night
A whole eternity to spend
Myriads of saints and Angels bright.
Two female forms before them stand.

Lines written in a blank leaf of Seneca's morals.
Learn hence O reader! to improve your mind +
To smooth your passions and to live resign'd
To prize the gifts which providence supplies
And view each fancy'd ill with partial eyes
For know by us so little understood
What most we dread becomes our greatest good
Tomorrow's bliss, so wide from wright we stray
Depends perhaps on what we blame to day
Why dare we then the will of heaven suspect
And blame the cause before we know the effect
Ungrateful mortals! arrogant and vain
Vex'd by a breeze of wind or shower of rain
When'er tomorrow lingering with disease
To feed the flame of life we court the breeze
And are at length by heavens efficient power
Heald by the herb that flourish'd by that shower
Learn then my friend a pleasure rarely known
To live contented in the state your own
Never look with envy on the rich mans store
Nor scorn the humbler blessings of the poor
For oft we covet what true bliss repels
And scorn the very cottage where it dwells
Should not your fortune with your hopes agree
Accuse not heaven of partiality
But praise the power whose love bears equal sway
In all he gives and all he takes away
In whose calm breast the same affection dwells
For Africs merchant and the slave he sells
So shall you smile upon a world of strife
And glide unruffled down the stream of life
Years following years on pleasures airy wing
And winter close with all the charms of spring.

20.
A
Till me, I charge
Who range the
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Hark! from y
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20. *A Song.*

I. +
Till me, I charge you, O ye sylvan fountains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

II.

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roe, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

III.

Come Rosalind, O come, and infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours;
By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose.

IV.

Hark! from yon bow'rs what airs soft warbled play!
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles all your songs are noise.

V.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears.

From John Bunce.

Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And pass what's left of life in studious ease;
Here court the muses, whilst the sun on high,
Flames in the vault of heav'n, and fires the sky;
Soon as Aurora from her golden bow'rs,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclining in silence on a mossy bed,
Two female forms before them stand.

Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Full'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past time and build whole worlds anew;
Lift from the bursting tombs, in fancy raise
The sons of Fame who liv'd in antient days;
Lift listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings,
While Plato reasons, or while Homer sings.
Or when the nights dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round;
When night has drawn her curtains o'er the plain,
And silence reassumes her awful reign;
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant orbs that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confusion stray,
Oblique, direct, along the aerial way:
Fountains of day! stupendous orbs of light!
Which by their distance lessen to the sight:
And if the glass you use improve the your eye,
Millions beyond the former millions rise.
For no end were they made? Or but to blaze
Through empty space, and useles spend their rays?
Or ought we not with reason to reply,
Each lucid-point that glows in yonder sky,
Informs a system in the boundless space,
And fills with glory its appointed place:
With beams unborrow'd, brightens other skies,
And worlds to the unknown with heat and life supplies
But chiefly O my soul, apply to softer themes,
The opening heav'n, and angels robd with flames;
Read in the sacred leaves how time began,
And the dust mov'd, and quicken'd into man;
Here, through the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the soft breeze, or range the spicy grove;

There tread on
And rev'rend
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Or gaze on vi
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Enjoy each ho
Think life too
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There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs tak'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to slumbering prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on visions from the throne of heav'n.
Thus lonely, thoughtful may I run the race
Of transient life in no unuseful case:
Enjoy each hour nor as it fleets away,
Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
Of right observant, while my soul attends
Each duty, and makes heav'n and angels friends:
Can welcome death with Faith's expecting eye,
And mind no pang since Hope stands smiling by;
Nor studious how to make a longer stay,
Views heav'nly plains and realms of brighter day;
Shakes of her load, and wing'd with ardent love,
Spurns at the earth and springs her flight above,
Soaring thro' air to realms where angels dwell,
Pities the shrieking friends, and leaves the listening bell.

Beautiful Stanzas.

Shady groves and purling rills,
Walks, where quiv'ring morn beams play,
Shreen the world-sick breast from ill.

Lull the cares of noisy day.
Leave all hope and fears behind,
Give up pleasures' splendid toys,
All you wish you'll quickly find,
Peace and quiet's calmer joys.

But if passion haunts you still,
If in love with pomp and powers
Tranquil vale and murmur'ing rill,
Cannot charm the heart an hour.

Two female forms before them stand.

Eulogium on Thomson's Seasons.

Sure, 'tis sweet nature's voice so soft I hear,
Yes! Thomson! nature's in thy magic lay;
'Tis from thy pen her glowing charms appear,
Bright as the morn! unfading as the day!

Thy tender story of the traveller lost,
In pensive, gentle strains, the devoid of art;
Wraps the poor wanderer child in cold and frost,
And asks the tribute of a feeling heart.

Lavinia's story with such pathos told,
Her widow'd mother, and her tender youth,
Awake the softer passions of the soul,
And lure the mind to virtue & to truth.

And thou, ill fated and lamented pair,
Revolving years had scarce proclaim'd thy doom,
When the quick lightning's dreadful vivid glare,
Blasted the rose's bud, but left the thorn.

Thine is a mournful melancholy tale,
Which fills the eye with sympathetick dew;
Amelia's once fair form, now dead and pale,
Fancy beholds, and trembles at the view.

Oh! matchless author of the moving scene,
Long hast thou slumber'd in thy silent urn;
May thy turf bloom with an unfading green,
And thou to fond remembrance oft return.
Evelina.

Four Elegies

Elegy I. Winter

Stern winter
And cheerful
Thick-sprouting
Reviving her

Yet lovelier seen
When blooming
The smile of beauty
The voice of joy

Fancy paint
Oft for the
Rain-pouring
Or snows un

But should know
The smile of
If gloomy thou
Ev'n vernal

I shun the scene
Where pride
And unrelent
O'er prostra

The grassy lawn
The rude foun
The clay-built
Than all the

Two fern

Four Elegies; Descriptive and Moral

Elegy I. Written at the Approach of Spring. [Scott]

Hern winter hence with all his train removes;
And chearfull skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the grove;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yd lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,
When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd:

The smile of beauty ev'ry vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven ev'ry shade.

Ofancy paint not coming days too fair!

Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or frosts untimely whiten'd o'er the field.

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'er pow'r,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along,

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold;

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flow'rs gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
Than all the pomp imperial domes display:

And
Two female forms before them stand.

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,
These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
Afflictions iron hand my breast invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed;
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom.)
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
Crop the sweet herb, and sniff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast?
O why this fate that fear and pain divide
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast?

Ah cease — no more of Providence complain:
'Tis fence of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
And pall's each joy by heav'n indulg'd below:

Why do the smiling infant-train so blest,
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
Or ill propension ripens into sin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joy sincere the seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
Where on Tharnensis' banks I liv'd immerg'd,
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,

To Surry's wood-
O happy hour,
What share I now
While o'er my m
And veil the

Is there no power
The long-lost
Or raise our vi
Where fear and

Yes, those there
The long-lost
And raise their
Where fear and

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And in the v
The fair, the rich
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The sultry bre
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And still an
Save where th
The graspy
Two fema

To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allure:

O happy hour, beyond recovery fled!

What share I now "that can your loss repay,"
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkness to remove?

The long-lost joys of Eden to restore?

Or raise our views to happier seats above;

Where fear and pain and death shall be no more?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love

The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,

And raise their views to happier seats above,

Where fear and pain and death be no more.

These grateful share the gift of nature's hand;

And in the varied scenes that round them shine,

The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand

Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a floweret in th' enamel'd vale,

Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,

Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,

But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,

For them more lively hues the fields adorn;

To them more fair the fairest smile of day,

To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply;

They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring

The day that wafts them to the realms on high,

The day that centers in eternal Spring.

Elegy, Written in the Hot Summer, 1757.

Three hours from noon the passing shadow shows,

The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,

The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,

And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,

And still and vacant where yon fields extend,

Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,

The grapy harvest of the mead attend.

Two female forms before them stand.

Lost

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Sow are the springs, the reedy ditches dry:
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flow'rs that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
They bolder bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
That fill'd in genial spring the verdant bow'rs?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdur clad, with fragrance fraught,
The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul imagination chears,
Her pleasing colours paint the future gay;
Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
The pleasing colours instant fade away:

In diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,
And these shall Spring supply, and Summer these
Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface
And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret, shady, cool recess!
Some gothic dome o'ertung with darksome trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze.

But why these plaints!—Amid his wastes of sand,
Far more than this the wano'ring Arab feels,
Far more the Indian in Columbia land,
When Phaëton o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the sensible of mind sustains,

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Elegy 3 Writte

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Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame;
The hopeless lover, bound in beauties chains,
And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
Or lovely comfort lost in early bloom:
He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
Or slow disease leads ling'ring to the tomb.

Best man should sink beneath the present pain;
Best man should triumph in the present joy;
For him th' unvarying "laws of Heaven ordain"
Hope in his ill, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

Reflect and be content—for mankind's good
Heav'n gives the due decrees of drought or rain;
Tomorrow ceaseless show'rs may swell the flood,
Nor soon yet ^{will} rise blazing fierce again.

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand,
Hark, in the east loud blustering gales arise;
Wide, and more wide the dark'ning clouds expand,
And distant light'nings flash along the skies.

O in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!
Let the Great Ruler's praise my song inform,
Let wonder, reverence, gratitude, be mine.

Elegy, Written in Harvest.

Farewell the pleasant violet-scented shade,
The primrose hill, and daisy-mantled mead,
The furrow'd land with springing corn array'd,
The sunny wall with bloomy branches spread;

Farewell the bow'r with blushing roses gay,
Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field;
Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
When evening breezes mingled odours yield;

Two female forms before them stand.

Farewell

Farewel to these: — now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her seat;
Th' autumnal landscape, opening all its charms,
Declairs kind nature's annual work complete.

In different parts what different views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wild champaign.

The smile of morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful labour calls her sons abroad;
They leave with cheerful looks their lonely vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripened load.

The various tasks address the rustic band,
And here the scythe and there the sickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land,
Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious mair,
Some lead to stult'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tower o'er the plains,
For many a mile the rural yards adorn.

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
And joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er. — Ye rural lords
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heav'n your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursu'd for these thro' many a day their toil;

Yet what avails your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares supply
Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

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For providence decrees that we obtain
With toil, each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet Albion; blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blessing must betray,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Know reapers once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have felt a prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
Where the glass fountains that till'd her fertile soil?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall;
Where rose fair towns, where war'd the golden grain,
Thrown on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues;
And wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd town;
Where now the prospect charm'd her lands of old,
Her corn clad mountains and elysian bow'rs,
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot-war her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around;

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot-war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Two female forms before them stand.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains,
Of mighty realms that fell when mad with pow'r,
They lend each voice to revel on their plains;
Each monster doom'd their off'spring to devour!

O Albion! wouldst thou shun their mournful fates,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And not to linger in thy fair retreats,
The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
Sweet Peace, whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,
Fair Charity, with ever open hand,
And Courage, smiling 'midst a thousand storms.

Chaste to grace our Isle, ye lovely train;
So may the Pow'r whose hand all blessing yields,
Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

Elegy Written at the Approach of Winter

The sun far southward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,
The May-flower's hedges scented ev'ry breeze;
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain side,
The woodlark warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is the summer's sportive insect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;
The herdsmen wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noontide in the willow's shade?

Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning, mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hills,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

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To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our winter chills us, and our Summer burns,
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams thro' green savannas flow;
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies,
Bid new fruits ripen, and new flow'rs blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey,
There half the year descends in wat'ry storms;
Or nature flickers in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sunburnt plains deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeful way,
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's stripes?
Who dreams of constant happiness below?
The hope-flush'd enter on the stage of life;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toild on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season sacred from annoy.

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I'll human life compare;
Not those more fraught with clouds and winds and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate!
Whatever the season or the place possess,
We ever murmur at our present state;
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest.

Why else when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell that, ~~thus~~ founding o'er the plain,
Tells some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

Two female forms before them stand.

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay.
No more these "nostrils breathe the vital air,"
No more these eyelids open on the day.

Winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,
Thy threatening skies in dusky horrors drear:
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor ask an Eden for a transient quest.

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tannance in this lov'd retreat:
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier feat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
There is, who knows no restless passions strife;
Contentment, smiling at each idle care,
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in Winter many a scene to please,
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,
The clear calm ether at the close of day.

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blust'ring Caucasus purifies the air,
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear.

She bids for all our grateful praise arise,
To him whose mandate spake the world to form;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's cheerful skies,
And Autumn's corn-clad fields, and Winter's founding storms.

A Song.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
One ev'ning reclined to discover his pain:
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ear'd to breathe, the fountains to flow;
Rude winds with compassion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they.

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Now scenes of distress please only my fight,
I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.
Thy changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it no summer inflame.
But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Stevens desires;
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah wretch! how can life be worthy thy care:
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

American Sages. by Barlow.

See on yon dark'ning height bold Franklin tread,
Heav'n's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,
And forked flames emblaze the black'ning storm.
See the descending streams around him burn,
Glance on his rod, and with his guidance turn,
He bids conflicting heav'ns their blasts expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' imprison'd fire,
No more, when folding storms the vault o'erspread,
The livid glare shall strike thy race with dread;
Nor tow'rs nor temples, shuddering with the sound,
Sink in the flames, and spread destruction round.
His daring toils, the threat'ning blast that wait;
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate,
The pointed steel o'er-top th' ascending spire,
And lead o'er trembling walls the harmless fire;
In his glad fame while distant worlds rejoice,
Far as the lightnings shine, or thunders roar their voice.

See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
Lift the long tube, and pierce the starry sky;
Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
And broader splendors gild the central pole.
He marks what laws th' eccentric wanderers bind,
Copies creation in his forming mind,
And bids, beneath his hand, in semblance rise,
With mimic orbs, the labours of the skies.

There wond'ring crowds with raptur'd eye behold
The spangled heavens their mystic maze unfold;
While each glad sage his splendid hall shall grace,
Two female forms before them stand.

With all the spheres that cleave th' etherial space.
To guide the sailor in his wand'ring way,
See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
From adverse rays the counteracting rays;
And marks, as devious sails bewild'rd roll,
Each nice gradation from the steadfast pole.

American Painters.

See, West with glowing life the canvass warms;
His foreign hand creates impassion'd forms,
Spurns the cold critic's rules, to seize the heart,
And boldly bursts the former bounds of art.
No more her pow'rs to ancient scenes confin'd,
He gives her liberal aid to all mankind;
She calls to life each patriot chief or sage,
Garb'd in the dress and drap'ry of this age,
Again bold Regulus to death returns;
Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns;
Warriors in arms to frowning combat move,
And youths and virgins meet the foul to love;
Grief, rage, and fear beneath his pencil start,
Roll the wild eye, and pour the flowing heart;
While flum'ring heroes wait his wakening call,
And distant ages fill the storied wall.

With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace
The air of action and the charms of face
Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of fate,
The female listens and the peers debate;
Pale consternation every heart appalls,
In act to speak, while death-struck Chatham falls.
His strong, deep shades a bold expression give,
Rais'd into light the starting figures live:
With polish'd pride the finish'd features boast
The master's art in nature's softness lost.

See with the martial toils, that bath'd in gore
His brave companions on his native shore,
Trumbull with daring hand the scene recalls,
He shades with night Quebec's beleagu'rd walls,
Mid flashing flames, that round the turrets rise,
Blind carnage raves, and great Montgomery dies.
On Charlestown's heights, thro' floods of rolling fire,
Brave Warren falls, and fallen hosts retire;
While other plains of death, that gloom the skies,
And chiefs immortal o'er his canvass rise.

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See rural seats of innocence and ease,
High tufted towers, and walks of waving trees,
The white waves dashing on the craggy shores,
Meand'ring streams and meads of spangled flow'rs,
Where nature's sons their wild excursions lead,
In just design, from Taylor's pencil spread.

Steward and Brown the moving portrait raise
Each rival stroke the force of life conveys;
See circling beauties round their tablets stand,
And rise, immortal, from their plastic hand;
Each breathing form preserves its wonted grace,
And all the soul stands speaking in the face.

Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the stone to live.
While the cold chisel claims the rugged stone,
To rouse ^{the} sceptred marble into life;
While Latian shrines their figur'd patriots boast,
And gods and heroes crowd each orient coast;
See White's fair hands the livelier fire controul,
In waken'd forms she breathes th' impassion'd soul;
The pencil's tint o'er moulded substance glows,
And diff'rent from's th' unrivall'd art compose.

American Poets.

To equal fame ascends the tuneful throng,
The boast of genius, and the pride of song;
Warm'd with the scenes that grace their various clime,
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.
With keen-ey'd glance thro' nature's walks to pierce,
With all the pow'rs and every charm of verse,
Each science op'ning in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing, and his taste refin'd,
See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of satire thro' the land;
Pride, Knavery, Dullness, feel his mortal stings,
And list'ning Virtue triumphs as he sings;
Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain—
The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.

On glory's wing to raise the lavish'd soul,
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
For daring Iwight the epic muse sublime
Hails her new empire on the western clime.
Fir'd with the themes by fens seraphic sung,

Two female forms before them stand.

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With all the spheres that cleave th' etherial space.
To guide the sailor in his wand'ring way,
See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
From adverse rays the counteracting rays;
And marks, as devious sails bewildered roll,
Each nice gradation from the steadfast pole.

American Painters.

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American Painters.

See, West with glowing life the canvass warms;
His sov'reign hand creates impression'd forms,
Spurns the cold critic rules, to seize the heart,
And boldly bursts the former bounds of art.
No more her pow'rs to ancient scenes confin'd,
He gives her liberal aid to all mankind;
She calls to life each patriot chief or sage,
Garb'd in the dress and drap'ry of this age,
Again bold Regulus to death returns;
Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns;
Warriors in arms to fringing combat move,
And youths and virgins meet the foul to love;
Grief, rage, and fear beneath his pencil start,
Roll the wild eye, and pour the flowing heart;
While slumbering heroes wait his wakening call,
And distant ages fill the storied wall.

With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace
The air of action and the charms of face
Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of fate,
The female listens and the peers debate;
Pale consternation every heart appals,
In act to speak, while death-struck Chatham falls.
His strong, deep shades a bold expression give,
Rais'd into light the starting figures live;
With polish'd pride the finish'd features boast
The master's art in nature's softness lost.

Fit'd with the martial toils, that bath'd in gore
His brave companions on his native shore,
Trumbull with dancing hand the scene recalls,
He shades with night Quebec's beleagu'rd walls,
Mid' flashing flames, that round the turrets rise,
Blind carnage raves, and great Montgomery dies.
On Charlestown's heights, thro' floods of rolling fire,
Brave Warren falls, and fallen hosts retire;
While other plains of death, that gloom the skies,
And chiefs immortal o'er his canvass rise.

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High tufted co...
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To equal fam...
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Hails her re...
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Two fema

Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,
Wake the dead wax and teach the stone to live.
While the cold chissel claims the rugged stripe,
To rouse ^{the} sceptred marble into life;
While Latian strains their figur'd patriots boast,
And gods and heroes crowd each orient coast;
See Wit's fair hands the livelier fire controul,
In waken'd forms she breathes th' impassion'd soul;
The pencil's tint o'er moulded substance glows,
And diff'rent pow'rs th' unrivall'd art compose.

American Poets.

To equal fame ascends the tuneful throng,
The boast of genius, and the pride of song;
Warm'd with the scenes that grace their various clime,
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.
With keeney'd glance thro' nature's walks to pierce,
With all the power and every charm of verse,
Each science op'ning in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing, and his taste refin'd,
See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of satire thro' the land;
Pride, Knavery, Dullness, feel his mortal stings,
And life'ning Virtue triumphs as he sings;
Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted throne,
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain—
The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.

On glory's wing to raise the lavish'd soul,
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
For dancing Inight the epic muse sublime
Hails her new empire on the western clime.
Fir'd with the thunders by fierce feraphic fang,

Two female forms before them stand.

Heav'n in his eye and rapture on his tongue,
His voice divine revives the promis'd land,
The heaven-taught leader and the choicer band.
In Hannibal's fate, proud faction finds her doom,
At midnight flames light nations to their tomb,
In visions bright supernal joys are given,
And all the dread futurities of heav'n.

While Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In love of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys, glorious, from the field retire,
Sheath the glad sword, and string the founding lyre;
That lyre which, erst, in hours of dark despair,
Rous'd the sad realms, to urge th' unfinish'd war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers flow;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays;
Immortal Washington with joy shall own } for beauty
So fond a favorite and so great a foe. 16

On love and the American Fair. Humphreys

O Thou sweet passion, whose blest charm connects
In heav'n's own ties, the strong and feeble sex!
Shed thy soft empire o'er the willing mind,
Exalt, adorn, and purify mankind!

All nature feels thy pow'r: the vocal grove
With air-borne melody awakes to love;

But man, alone, the brightest flame inspires,
A spark enkindled from celestial fires.
Hail, hallow'd wedlock! purest, happiest state,
Thy untrug'd raptures let my song relate:
Give me, ere long, thy mysteries to prove,
And taste as well as sing the sweets of love!

Ye blooming daughters of the western world,
Whom graceful locks by artless hands are curl'd,
Whose limbs of symmetry, and snowy breast,
Allure to love, in simple neatness dress'd;
Beneath the veil of modesty, who hide
The boast of nature and of virgin pride—
(For beauty needs no meretricious art
To find a passage to the opening heart)
Oh make your charms ev'n in my song admir'd,
My song immortal by your charms inspir'd.

Thou' lavish nature sheds each various grace,
That forms the figure, or that decks the face—

Though Heaven
Dance in the
Tho' mid the
As on, their
Spontaneous
Which glows
What time
First feels
Feels from the
Her bosom
Though free
Though curls
Grown long, a
While ev'ry
Yet something
With goodness
Inspires thee
Gilds ev'ry
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'Tis delicacy
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Like vernal
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The happy
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While their
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Nor here
To shine the
Nor place
In balls and
Two fema

Though Health, with Innocence, and Glee, the while,
Dance in their eye, and wanton in their smile—
Tho' mid the lilly's white, unfolds the rose,
As on their cheek the bud of Beauty blows,
Spontaneous blossom of the transient flush,
Which glows and reddens to a scarlet blush,
What time the maid, unread in flames and darts,
First feels of love the palpitating starts,
Feels from the heart, life's quicken'd currents glide,
Her bosom heaving with the bounding tide—
Though sweet their lips their features more than fair—
Though curls luxuriant of untortur'd hair
Grown long, and add unutterable charms,
While ev'ry look enraptures and alarms,
Yet something still beyond th' exterior form,
With goodness fraught, with animation warm,
Inspires their actions; dignifies their mien;
Gilds ev'ry hour; and beautifies each scene.
'Tis those perfections of superior kind,
The moral beauties which adorn the mind,
'Tis those enchanting sounds mellifluous hung,
In words of truth and kindness on their tongue—
'Tis delicacy gives their charms new worth,
And calls the loveliness of beauty forth;
'Tis the mild influence beaming from their eyes,
Like vernal sun-beams, round coarctilian skies;
Bright emanations of the spotless soul,
Which warm, and cheer, and vivify the whole!
Here the fair sex an equal honour claim,
Wakes chaste desire, nor burns with lawless flames:
No eastern manners, here, consign the charms
Of beautiful slaves to some loath'd master's arms:
No lovely maid in wedlock e'er was sold
By parents base, for mercenary gold;
Nor forc'd the hard alternative to try,
To live dishonour'd, or with hunger die.
Here, uncontroul'd, and foll'ring nature's voice,
The happy lovers make th' unchanging choice,
While mutual passions in their bosoms glow,
While soft confessions in their kisses flow,
While their free hands in plighted faith are giv'n,
Their vows accordant, reach approving heav'n.
Nor here the wedded pair, in splendor vie,
To shine the idols of the public eye;
Nor place their happiness, like Europe's dames,
In balls and masquerades, in plays and games;
Two female forms before them stand.

Each

Each home-felt blest exchange for foreign sports,
 A round of pleasures, or th' intrigues of courts;
 Nor seek of government to guide the plan,
 And wrest his bold prerogatives from vain.
 What though not form'd in Affectation's school,
 Nor taught the wanton eye to roll by rule,
 Nor how to prompt the glance, the frown, the smile,
 Or practice all the little arts of guile—
 What though not taught the use of female arms,
 Nor cloath'd in panoply of conqu'ring charms,
 Like some fine garnish'd heads—the exterior fair,
 In paints, cosmetics, powder, borrow'd hair:
 Yet theirs are pleasures of a diff'rent kind,
 Delight at home, more useful, more refin'd.
 Theirs are th' attentions, theirs the smiles that please,
 With hospitable cares and modest ease:
 Their useful taste, improv'd by finer arts;
 Their minds embellish'd, and refine their hearts—
 'Tis theirs to act, in still, sequester'd life,
 The glorious parts of parents, friend, and wife:
 What namelss grace, what unknown charm is theirs,
 To sooth their partners, and divide their cares,
 Calm raging pain, delay the parting breath,
 And light a smile on the wan cheek of death!

Charity. an Ode, Sacred to the memory of William
 Ascend the bark, the sail expand. Marked
 And fly the blood polluted land! His friends, a pious train, attend.
 The tyrant's rage and bigot's zeal Hope smiles, Affection vainly pleads,
 Already what the murr'ring fleet, And Albion's guilty shore needs.
 While Virtue from the scene retires, Each wind in gentler breezes blows,
 As Persecution lights her fires. While gentler currents ocean flows,
 Ascend the bark, expand the sail! As if (what will not Virtue charm)
 Thy God shall grant the fav'ring gale, His pious vows, their rage disarm;
 And awe-struck waves the ship respect, And Idemvar's capacious breast
 Which Piety and Faith direct, Exulting bears the welcome guests.
 As from this land of rage and tear, Ye gazing tribes! your fears forego,
 The Philosopher chief she bears. No plund'rer I, or cruel foe,
 Mildly they welcome thee to land. These hands, in war's dire trade us'd,
 Thy brow no fullen fury wears; No spear protend, or falchion wield,
 No dark repentment low'rs on thine. Nor from my bark, with art accur'd,
 Can Piety and Justice fail? Shall lightning fly, or thunder burst
 Ascend the bark, expand the sail! Or wide-extended lands you roam,
 Thus Charity the chief address'd? We seek, alas! a peaceful home.
 And warm'd with sacred zeal his breast, These gifts your kindness shall rep
 His ready feet the bark ascend, His friends the useful stores disp

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Virtue the treaty ratified,
And Reason smil'd with decent pride.
(Again he spoke) "Ye people, hear!
The voice of Charity revere;
No holy tyrant threatens here;
No despot rules with cruel sway;
Securely toil, securely pray.
Religion who shall dare restrain?
New systems choose or old retain.
From temples, let your vows ascend;
Or private in your closets bend.
By priestly zeal or pow'r, unarm'd,
Let all in freedom worship God."
The British isles with rapture heard;
His voice the suffering German chear'd.
In crowds they hasten to the shore,
And hear unmov'd the Ocean roar.
Their shores they quit, and dangers flight;
Religion, Freedom, Peace invite:
Ye statesmen, whom weak minds revere!
Ye kings, who empire build on fear!
With candid minds, survey the plan,
And venerate the upright man,
Who, not to selfish views confin'd,
Studies the good of all mankind.
He spoke not to conwilling slaves;
The forest falls the harvest waves;
The curve disdaining street extends;
The dock responds, the mast ascends.
Hope vigorous Labour sweetly chears,
And property the bliss endears.
To nab'ring shores and distant lands,
His worth a bright example stands.
A fertile region bears his name;
Philosophy exalts his fame;
The arts his matchless deeds record,
And heav'n bestows the great reward.

Art and Nature.

W. M. Smith, Esq.

'Tis said that once upon a time,
(So tales begin and so my rhyme)
Nature held high dispute with Art,
Which had most pow'r upon the heart.
They each agreed, to end debate,
A lovely maiden to create,
Endow'd with their respective charms,
To fill the soul with love's alarms.
Obedient to each high command,
Two female forms before them stand.

Aro flew for lightning to the skies,
And plac'd it in her daughters eyes: ~~eyes~~
But Nature, tender and sincere,
Taught her's to shed soft Pity's tear.
While Art from her abundant store,
Her fav'rite's cheek vermillion'd o'er —
Another method Nature chose,
In her's she plac'd the blushing rose.
Art wander'd through Arabia's plain,
Each richest costliest gum to gain,
She rifled ev'ry region o'er,
And left Ambara's valley poor:
Then with her gather'd sweets she hied,
To grace the

Such gales as kiss the daisied meads,
When Spring the jocund Hours leads,
When ev'ry object, grown more gay,
Joins to hail returning may,
Through even rows of pearly teeth,
Nature taught her child to breathe.

A neck, that caught the gazer's sight,
As alabaster, cold and white,
Where symmetry's extreemest point
Was tortur'd into ev'ry joint —
Rising from a snowy breast,
The sculpter's cautious art confess —
Such Art bestow'd upon her child,
While indignant Nature smil'd.

A spotless skin of fairest hue,
With veins of sky, eye-tinctur'd blue —
A bosom which conceal'd a heart
That bore in ev'ry pang a part,
And throbb'd responsive to each groan,
Soft Nature bade her child to own.

Next Art to Persia's regions flew,
From thence the richest silks she drew.
Transparent emeralds she sought,
The Ceylon-ruby, too, she brought;
Golconda's richest mine explor'd,
And on her idol she bestow'd

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~~no not~~
~~no not~~
~~no not~~

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In sweet
To seat, to
And every

The Garden

Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
And red'ning apples ripens into gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.

The Student's Farewell to the Seat of the Muses.

Descend ye nine, descend my tongue inspire
With strains poetick and seraphick fire,
To speak th' effusions of a feeling heart.
In simple accents, void of every art.
To peaceful groves, where joy and science dwell,
To friendship's charms—we bid a long farewell!
No more the midnight lamp for us engage,
To light our anxious thoughts from page to page.
No more shall science ope her budding store,
To scatter blossoms round our temples more.
She wreath'd her garlands round her fav'rites brow,
Bid learning bud, and into blossoms grow;
Taught him to cull the muse's fairest rose,
Which never fades, but like the cypress grows.
No more the song, no more the jovial bowl,
Delight our friendships, pledge the generous soul.
Piercean draughts no more we here enjoy,
Nor quaff the streams of gay ambition's toy;
But friendship's tear now moistens every eye,
She weeps, yet smiles, she breaks, yet holds the social tie.
Time drives us hence, but not like Adam driv'n,
We leave our Eve, he took his Eve from heav'n.
Farewel ye shades, where contemplation smiles
In sweet remembrance of her pleasing toils.
To seat, to muse, to peaceful groves adieu,
And every joy that friendship ever knew!

Adieu

On Society.

Hail social converse! source of purest pleasure,
Sweet and reviving as the rosy morning,
When first the day fear gilds the face of nature
With his blest radiance,
Hail sacred friendship! fraught with choicest blessings,
Where souls congenial taste thy sacred union,
Bound by the cement of refined affections,
Founded on virtue,
Forth, heavenly goddess, baffles our researches,
While painful labours spring from ceaseless study,
Welcome sweet converse, kind refreshing cordials,
Thy cheering influence soothes the ruffled passion,
While pale misfortune finks the weary spirits,
So the clouds vanish, where the radiant sunbeams
Shine in full splendour,
If thus exalted thy entwining pleasure
In these dull regions, how gloriously glorious,
Mid the bright mansions, where immortal friendship
Blooms in perfection.

Selima.

The following Poem, was written by Mr. B.
Whitwell, and spoken by him, before the Overseers of the
University.

The brow of age is soft'ned into smiles;
The magick power of beauty sweetens toils;
And the kind muse, that bids my hopes increase,
In simple numbers paints the charms of peace.
And tho' unrival'd worth, with favour blest,
Damps the fond wishes of my youthful breast,
So great a theme shall claim the sage's care,
So soft a theme, shall win the blooming fair.
When patriot souls by freedom's right inspir'd,
To martial fame the rustick bosom fir'd;
War could not view unmov'd the ensanguin'd plain,
Nor death could number all his thousand slain.
The weeping sire bemoan'd his offspring dead,
For manly grief too soon had blanch'd his head.
The pensive maid droop'd o'er her lover's tomb,
As the fair flow'et blasted in its bloom.
And the poor orphan, late by friends caress'd,
Mistook the stranger for the parent breast.
When victory graces the triumphal car,
And heroes smile in all the pomp of war,
They little know the horrors of the field,
How captive chiefs to slavery's fetters yield;

How the gods
Curse the war
But Peace
When reading
Her beauteous
The softest
Her note,
Were more
Her bronze
That gilds
Her breath
Her eyes
Then car
And smiling
Brown
And com
Music aga
While happy
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Science
First in
Columbia's
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Now the fond bride, that mourns her tender mate,
Curses the wretch, that wing'd the shaft of fate;
But Peace descended, lovely as the dawn,
When redd'ning bluffs paint the cheek of morn.
Her beauteous form was robd with heavenly grace;
The softest charm concentr'd in her face;
Her note, that flow'd melodiously along,
Were more enchanting than the Siren's song;
Her brow more placid than the gentle beam,
That gilds the bosom of the tranquil stream.
Her breath was milder than the dews of even,
Her eyes more brighter than the lamps of heaven.
Then carriage, death, and ruin fly afar,
And smiling fields forget the waste of war;
Brown Ceres reaps her harvest easy reign,
And Commerce sways the sceptre of the main.
Musk again enlivens the listening grove,
While happy shepherds tell the tale of love;
The charm of beauty once again bequils,
Science shines forth and all Columbia smiles.

First in her train, in pomp and solemn state,
Columbia's pride, her Cincinnatus fat,
The peaceful olive with its foliage spread,
Vic'd with the laurel to adorn his head.

Pain would the muse with Sindar's frenzy glows,
And add one leaf to grace his laurel'd brow;
And should the voice to future age descend,
And celebrate our patriot and our friend,
The brightness of our fires would ever charm
Their genial heat would every bosom warm.

Her tinsel deep vain titles would impart,
So flowers conceal the noble turns of art.

Such is the man, Columbia's pride and boast,
His head a senate, and his arm a host.

And while his virtues fire the rising youth,
Fiction shall blush to be excell'd by truth.

Brav'd their chief his veteran heroes move,
As fabled Gods around the throne of Jove.

To him alone their eager eyes direct,
In manly freedom temper'd with respect.

Now sweet the bliss, that rural pleasures yield,
When the returning soldier leaves the field;

His lovely spouse a frugal meal prepares,
His board the graces and his joy she shares;

While prattling infants all around him throng,
And lips and wonder why he stay'd so long?

On peace the sun of science sheds his ray,
And gradual rises to meridian day.

On thee, our common father, guardian, friend,

His

His mildest warmth, his brightest beams descend.
Thy praise add no new laurel to thy brow,
For all that grateful pupils can bestow.
Thy favours cherish infant genius' flame,
And gentle smooth the rugged path to fame.
Teach us like thee, these sacred seats to adorn,
To cull the flower and shun the opposing thorn.
Teach us like thee, with elegance to please;
To raise with energy, subdue with ease;
To avoid the errors of the ancient page,
And point its beauties to the present age;
As the just painter marks both light and shade,
And freshens colours, that begin to fade.
And when to future age thy deathless name,
Rolls down the current of eternal fame,
The unborn bard shall sing in strains divine,
And praise the pupil's worth, that once was thine.
And flatterers own the care, that you bestow,
Planted the laurel, that adorns their brow.
While friendships prompt the sympathetick sigh,
And fond affection moistens every eye;
My youthful brothers shall demand my song,
Nor in the crowd unheeded pass along.
Let not the sacred thirst of fame inspire,
Nor martial deeds your daring bosoms fire;
Our fires have reaped the fruits their victories yield,
And only left their sons to glean the field.
Yet liberal science opens her copious stores,
And all her gifts in rich profusion pours.
And ^{from} Harvard's blissful seats we move,
May youthful friendships ripen into love;
And all that tender flame in us conjest,
But blaze more brightly in the female breast.
Perhaps where worth and virtue are ally'd,
Some happy youth observes his destined bride.
Perhaps some maid, where modesty profound
Shrinks from the touch, and fears the secret wound,
Observes - and while her partial eyes approve,
Admires the youth, whom yet she dares not love.
Now let the muse to tender strains descend,
And leave the chief, the patriot, and the friend.
Although her fond associates claim her lays,
Although the hardy chief deserves her praise,
And though sage wisdom's precepts she approve,
Yet valour, wisdom, friendship, yield to love.
Ye blooming fair who, every grace adorn,
Soft as the dewdrop glistening on the thorn;
May sons of science be with worth combin'd,
And manly strength

And may
The brave
Long be
Remember
All hail
Daughters
May war
The bubble
May leave
And with
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Ch power
Thou only
The captain
To thee my
O arm my
And check
Teach me
To see thy
Still with
To guide me
For thou
Har. Victoria
The Victor
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When, airy,
When men
And deep
A voice from
The solemn
And to cross
The shapeless
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And frown
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That man
The Angel
And is if

And may the veteran chief deserve your care,
The brave should be united with the fair,
Long be the soldier by the fair approved,
Remember, Mars and Venus ever loved.

All hail Columbia! Europe never gave
Daughters so fair, or patriots so brave.
May war's proud towers be levell'd with the dust;
The bubble honour with its owner burst.
May heaven indulgent bless the liberal mind,
And with the zone of peace embrace mankind.

Address to the Deity. Written in a moment of great distress.
Oh power supreme! to thee my thoughts I turn,
Thou only comfort when we truly mourn;
The orphan's parent and the widow's friend,
To thee my trembling knees I humbly bend.
O arm my soul the stroke of fate to bear,
And check the impetuous torrent of despair;
Teach me submission to thy awful doom
To see thy mercies thro' adversity's gloom.
Still with thy ~~word~~ ^{word} ~~behold~~ ^{behold} ~~thy~~ ^{thy} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~reform~~ ^{reform}
To guide my steps thro' life's uncertain storm:
For thou dost lead us on a path of good delight
Thou dost direct us to the land of life and light.

Thou Victim from the fourth Chapter of Job.

'Twas in the dark and silent hour of night,
When airy visions pass'd before thine sight,
When men's entranc'd eyes had my sleep-dreams seen,
And sleep's influence every sense had given;
A voice, shrill, sounding, pierc'd my listening ear,
The solemn accents still methinks I hear.
And lo, arose before my wandering eye,
A shapeless spectre of stupendous size;

Sullen it me approach'd with awful grace,
And frowning dreadful star'd me in the face.
Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,
And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedew'd.
At length a voice the solemn silence broke,
And thus in hollow tone the phantom spoke:
What art thou mortal man! thou breathing clod!
Thou daring rival of thy author God!
Is then this heap of animated dust
Pure as his maker as his maker just?
What are the gifts of human nature given,
That man usurps the attributes of heaven?
The Angelic host that on the Godhead wait
And is issu'd forth his Ministers of state;

Not of themselves perform the great command,
 But own his guidance and o'er ruling hand.
 Shall then presumptuously man his actions sway,
 This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?
 Who from a feeded mass derives his birth,
 And drops again into his mother earth;
 Whose carcass mouldering in the silent tomb
 Devouring reptiles mangle and consume.
 Look round the surface of this earthly ball,
 See grandeur vanish and even nations fall!
 What millions die their race of being run
 Between the rising and the setting sun.
 So man each hour resigns his fleeting breath,
 And sinks unheeded in the jaws of death;
 Thus falls thy boasted wisdom mortal man,
 A cloud its substance and its date a span!
 Thy short perception of thy life depends,
 At death the great period all thy knowledge ends.

The Lords Prayer

O thou, whom Nations thro' the World proclaim,
 The Gods of Heaven above and Earth supreme:
 Thy name be hallowed, thy Will be done,
 On earth thy Footstool, as in heaven thy Throne,
 Give us this day that bread our nature craves,
 From thee all Creatures such support receive.
 Pardon those sins which may thy name offend,
 As we would wish to do the same to Men.
 Lead not our hearts in vile temptation's snares,
 But guard our souls from evil and its fears.
 Set all the world as one in heart and mind,
 Ascribe the Kingdom, Power and Glory thine.
 Amen

From John Bunce

Bear me, ye friendly powers to gentler scenes,
 To shady bow'rs the veil and
 To flow'ry meads, the veil, and many woods,
 To some soft seat, adorn'd with springs and food,
 Where with the mure, I may spend my days,
 And steal myself from life by slow decays.
 With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
 While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,
 Dissolving turns to ashes whence it came;
 And my freed soul departs without a groan:
 In transport wings her flight to worlds unknown.

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ON SPRING.

See, spring appears with pleasing mien
With flow'rets crown'd and rob'd in green.
See all her charms unfold,
The daisies smile and sweet primrose,
The violet, sweet and hyacinth blows,
With cowslips ting'd like gold.
The birds rejoice, the lambkins play,
The warbling larks awake the day
Sweet Philomela sings;
The linnet swells his downy throat,
The thrush bids echo learn his note,
Hark! how the valley rings!
The busy bee to, store her cell,
Bursts from her straw built citadel,
Now nature smiles around,
Explores each valley hill and bower
Collects her sweets from every flower
That variegates the ground.
Thus when I walk the verdant fields,
And ascend the rising hills,
Or wander through the grove,
My maker in each scene I trace,
And find his goodness in each place
Invites the soul to love.

Arise my soul, survey the morn,
And purple beauties of the dawn,
In order as they shine;
The herbs that with the dew-drops glow,
The grass, the shrubs, the flow'rets show
Their Maker all divine!
Hark how the warbling feather'd throng
Now tune their soft melodious song,
From ev'ry leafy spray;
The black-bird here with mellow throat
And there the thrush with softer note,
In concert pour the lay.
Do thou my soul responsive join,
Ambitious of a theme divine,
And sing thy Maker's praise:
Unnumber'd objects he supplies,
For contemplation's wandering eyes,
And all the Muses lays.

Messiah.

A sacred

Written in Imitation of Virgil's *Pellic*.

By Alexander Pope.

Ye Nymphs of Syloma! begin the Song
To heavenly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
The Mosey Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian Maids,
Delight no more—O thou my Voice inspire!
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with Fire!
Rapt into future times the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's Root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the skies.
Th' Aethereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
And on its Top descends the Mystic Dove.
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
And in soft Silence shed the kindly shower!
The Sick and Weak,
From storms a

And hark—oh hark!
Recalls her fleeting
And see again, she opens
Among the shades of
She speaks—she speaks
Her deadly paleness flies
A sudden bloom o'erpresses
And smiles of joy arise
My hand she presses to
With rapt tenderness
Her eager lips my kiss
With many a fond caress
Bring wine—reviving
Grant a Mother's
While life remains
That Heaven may deign
She eats—she drinks!
Not once from mine
They speak, what language
My Angel-beauty's

And hark—oh hark!—her mother's voice
Recalls her fleeting breath!
And see again, she opens her eyes,
Amid the shades of death!
She speaks—she speaks! she calls my name!
Her deadly paleness flies!
A sudden bloom o'er spreads her cheeks
And smiles of joy arise!
My hand she presses to her breast,
With rapt tenderness;
Her eager lips my kiss invite,
With many a fond caress.—
Bring wine! reviving cordials bring!
Grant a Mother's prayer!
While life remains we yet may hope
That Heaven may deign to spare.
She eats,—she drinks!—and still her eyes
Not once from mine remove;
They speak, what language cannot,
My Angel-beauty's love.
She eats, she drinks again!—and still
Her eyes are fix'd on mine;
As April suns, in changeable skies,
With brighter flashes shine.
Once more, she eats, she drinks! & while
The weary night descends,
With looks that pierce my very soul
On me, her eyes she bends.—
O fleeting hope! her eye-lids close:
Her bloom, like lightning, flies:
And, deep within her struggling breast,
The sounds of death arise.
My pride—my joy—my all is gone!
My lip droops her head:
Her lips are pale! her lovely brows
The damps of death o'er-spread.
Oh grief! oh agony of heart!
She moves—she breathes no more!
In that soft sigh her spirit flies,
And life and hope are o'er.

*On the Noted & Celebrated Quaker
Mary Drummond
by a Young Lady.*

Hail happy Virgin of Celestial race,
Adorn'd with wisdom, and replete with grace.
By contemplation you ascend above,
Fill your breast with true scriptural love
And when you from the sacred mount ascend,
You give us rules our morals to amend.
Those pious maxims you yourself apply,
And make the universe your family.
No more O Spain do thy Teresa boast,
Here's one out shines her on the British coast
Whose soul like hers views one almighty end
And to that Center all its motions tend.
Too long indeed our sex hath been deny'd
And ridiculed by man's malignant pride
Who fearful of a just return forebore
And made it criminal to teach us more
That woman had no soul was their pretence
And woman's spelling past for woman's fence,
Till you most generous heroine stood forth
And shew'd your sexes aptitude and worth
Were there no more yet you bright maid alone
Might for a world of vanity atone
Redeem the coming age and set us free
From that false brand of incapacity.

Nature h
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The sun
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Hail, sable
Whose ming
Save when
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Aloft in a
Waves your
Sounds as
A dying m
Steals on t
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Starts, all
Keen eyed
Surveys th
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It is some
I hear? Per
Now ready
Hast thou
Art thou
To call the

Alexa

Nature has not been parsimonious in affording sources of pleasure. A lonely walk in the evening, while all is still, and ^{the} moon and stars look smiling down, is to a contemplative mind a source of pleasure truly sublime. The sublimity may be still heightened by entering a shady grove. At every step a solemn awe steals upon the soul, which leads to such reflections and meditations, as tend to purify our thoughts and calm our passions.

The sun is set. On a neighbouring hill is a grove of spreading pine. Thither I hasten, ^{that} there I may realize what fancy is too feeble to paint.

Hail, sable grove! all hail, ye towering pines,
Whose mingling branches veil the lovely moon;
Save where, like Thirby, through the opening chink,
She kindly peeps, and gives a cheering smile.
Aloft in air the slowly passing gale
Waves your tall heads, and gently moving by,
Sounds as when travelling o'er the lonely waste
A dying murmur from a sea beat shore
Steals on the listening ear. 'Tis silence else,
And solemn all! My soul at every step
Starts, all alive, and listening, trembles! Now
Keen eyed reflection with unerring glance
Surveys the past. She brings each deed in view,
And conscience, judging at her solemn bar,
The approv'd acquits, the disapprov'd condemns.

Mark!

It is some footstep or a shaken leaf
I hear? Perhaps some beast
Now ready to devour me. Why, my soul,
Hast thou so long been thoughtless of thy state?
Art thou prepar'd, should heaven determin now
To call thee hence? Art thou

Alexander Holger

Epiphany

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Stars of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed, with the beast of the stable;
Angels adore him in chambers reclining;
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
O odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, Exports of the mine,
Myrrh from the forest and Gold from the mine,
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly we bring the gold of our adoration;
Richer by far is the heart to adore him,
Dearest to God are the fragrances of the pure heart.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Stars of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Michaelmas

An Epistle

Copied
From frozen
From frozen
What present
Or how, so
The hoary
All pleasing
The hills, and
The flowing
By fountains
And with a
No gentle
No birds rise
The ships,
While rattle
The vast
And sprout
The starry
And to the
For many
Here spread
There folio
Alps of green
And yet be
The winter
Or yet the
Or winds be
At evening
And the
Soon as the
The melody
The face of
And bright
For going
And evening
In pearls and
While thro'
The thick
Seem's pot
The flag
Sees crystal
The spread
Glas'd over,
The fright
That war
When, if a
The brittle
The crackle

An Epistle from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What presents shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing ^{objects} that to verse invite.

The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowing plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snows disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.

The ships, unmov'd, the lost rous'ers steep,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.

The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.

The starving wolves along the main sea howl,
And to the moon, in icy valleys howl.

For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain.

There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, e'er here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasure'd snow,
Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow,

At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain compell'd repose.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrawn,
The ruddy morn' disclosed at once to view

The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to the eyes.

For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seems wrought in glass,

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn's show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.

The thick sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.

The stag in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.

The spreading oak, the beech, and con'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.

The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies.

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,

'Chaste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
 'Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 'The balmy shrub for you shall leave our shore,
 'By Ind' excell'd, or Arabia, no more.
 'Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 'The dear deserters shall return again.
 'Come, then, whose thoughts are limpid springs are clear,
 'To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear.
 'Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 'And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
 'With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 'Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid,
 'But man the most - not more the mountains do
 'Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
 'Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
 'A filken veil conceals her from the view.
 'No wild desire amidst thy train be known,
 'But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone,
 'Depositing Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
 'And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs,
 'And Love the last. By these your hearts refine;
 'These are the virtues that must leave to Love.
 'Thus sung the fountains and ancient legends say,
 'The maids of Bagdad verified the day.
 'Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
 'The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd this song.

Maria, or, The Mother's Dirge by W. L. Carey.

Lay thy head, my baby, love, How soon I'd gladly shed each drop,
 Lay it down my dear, My darling's life to gain.
 Upon thy own beloved breast, But all not all a Mother's prayers,
 Now bath'd with many a tear. Not all ^{thy} Mother's grief,
 That breast my babe with life supplied, Can stop the cruel hand of death,
 When first the light she saw, Or bring my child relief!
 Alas that power is now deny'd Not all the wealth of Indian mines
 Support from thence to draw. One hour of health can buy
 That breast, which, giving life to thee, No human skill - nor art can save
 Now life and joy receiv'd, Whom God ordains to die.
 When of my jewels love depriv'd, Thine eyes, through which I ^{thought} fondly
 Will be of all bereav'd. The morning sun arose
 Could my heart's most precious blood Those eyes, that let the world to me,
 Another's pray'r obtain, Must soon, forever, close!

Thy lips have lov'd
 Thy cheeks their
 Pale is that bloom,
 That once the ro
 The lustre of th
 Where sweet a
 Thy neck, like p
 The grave alrea
 That glowing o
 So rich in ev'ry
 Those limbs of
 Must sink in
 That lovely mow
 The charms, that
 No longer shall
 No more my care
 That music of
 Forever, mute sha
 Or which, with
 My soul delight
 A Mother's nam
 The purest bliss
 My F.M.S. - my
 Rejoice me at th
 I had I lost thee
 I might survive
 Or had I recover
 Thy loss I ne'er co
 But now sia hap
 And treasure of

Thy lips have lost their ruby hue,
Thy cheeks their vermeil pride:
Pale is that bloom, forever pale!
That once the rose outvied.
The lustre of that Angel face,
Where sweet affection beams,
Thy neck, like polish'd ivory white,
The grave already claims.
That glowing elegance of form,
So rich in ev'ry grace!
Those limbs of beauteous symmetry,
Must sink in Death's embrace.
That lovely mouth no more shall smile,
The charms, that round it play,
No longer shall my soul beguile,
No more my cares repay.
That music of my soul is lost and mute,
Forever, mute that tongue,
On which, with all a Mother's pride,
My soul delighted hung!
A Mother's name, a Mother's bliss—
The purest bliss on earth,
My F.M.S. my fairest pledge of love,
Rejoic'd me at thy birth.
I had I lost thee at thy birth,
I might survive the blow.
Or had I never view'd thy face
Thy loss I ne'er could know.
But now six happy years, the joy
And treasure of my heart,

Let home, abroad, one hour from thee,
I could not bear to part,
All day my prattler, round me clung,
Or play'd I within my sight;
And, fondly pillow'd on my breast,
I watch'd her sleep at night.
And still, whene'er misfortune press'd,
Or threaten'd to befall,
I look'd upon my bright ones face
And soon forgot them all.
I hop'd to see thy years improve
Affectionate and kind,
With ev'ry loveliness of form,
With ev'ry charm of mind.
A friend—a dear companion still
I thought to find in thee,
And hop'd to live, while young myself,
Thy wedding day to see.
But all these tender visions flie,
Like clouds before the wind.
They flie and leave, within my breast,
A fearful void behind.
Pale—pale & cold a awful sight!
She dies!—my precious dies!
Yet, yet look up! and speak again,
Maria, open thine eyes.
Look up—look up! thy mother calls—
Tis she thy mother dear.
Oh speak again—that voice I lov'd
Thy mother long'd to hear.
*born in her mother's 17 year

Dolly Withers Dolly W

Eclogue 3. Abba, or the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest. — Time, the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen, Sultana
In distant views along the level green,

While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;

What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;

Amidst the maids of Egeus' peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abba first begin the tender strain,

Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;

At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,

Where lilies near them in the wat'ry mead.

From early dawn the live-long hours she told,

Till late at silent eve she penn'd the gold.

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,

A various wreath of od'rous flow'rs she made.

Gay mallow's & pink's and sweet jonquils she chose;

The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;

All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there.

The finick's chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,

By love conducted, from the chase away:

Among the vocal vales he heard her sing,

And caught the groves and echoing groves among.

At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid.

She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,

'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abba lov'd!

The royal lover bore her from the plain;

Yet still he

Off as she

And bade to

Fair happy

To richer fe

Go leave the

With love a

'Be ev'ry

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'And ev'

Eclogue 4

Scene, a M

In fair Circ

Each swain

At that st

Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went the backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd.
And oft as Spring renew'd the plain with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and let the fragrant hours,
With sure returning, she sought theylvan scene,
The breezy meadows, and the forest green.
Her maids, around her moving, a dutiful band,
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:

Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung,
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair,
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd.
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!
Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel,
The simple shepherd's girl can love as well.

Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
On wreaths, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.

'Happy days!' the maids around them say:
'Chaste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Eclogue 4. Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.
Scene, a Mountain in Circassia. — Time, Midnight.
In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,

And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains,
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky,
Sad o'er the dens two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring fear and desolate farrow led,
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away,
Along the mountain's bending side they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

Secander.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny
No longer friendly to my life, to fly
Friend of my heart, I turn thee and survey
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already press'd with pain,
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried,
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agib.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or former severer woe,
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and furies lead their galling wind,
In rage of heart with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvest, & defaces our land,
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Drops its fair boughs to the conquering flame;
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave the ruffian's bands in fleecy care.

Secander.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
In vain, unhearing, thou call'st thy Persecutor Lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherds and protect the maid!

Colophon & other notes at the bottom of the page, including a reference to the manuscript's origin and a list of names.

By filial
Forbidden me
Fears least
Myself and
But thy kind
And fixed
Determined

Far o'er the
The disma
So full of
Now far an
The varied
And those
But still
And softer

Address
Pale want
If thou del
If still thy
At least co

When wide
Fals to my
Bid me t
And shun

When vice
In interes
Or leading
My foe to
Present kin
And bear

If giddy
With all

By filial ties withheld my anxious heart
Forbid me from my native soil to part
Fears lest my visit prove intrusive too
Myself and children burdensome to you
But thy kind letter all those fears dispell
And fixed my mind a while with you to dwell
Determined me to leave my native home
Far o'er the briny waves again to roam
The dismal cabin once again to prove
So full of gloom as void of all I love
Now far away on friendships' friendly bourn
The varied scenes of other climes pursue
And those sequestered joys partake with you
But still not yet till milder skies above
And softer air our mortal fears remove.

Address to Poverty.

Massa. Mag.

Pale want! thou goddess of condescension here,
If thou delight to haunt me still in view,
If still thy presence must my steps attend,
At least continue, as thou art, my friend.

When wide example bids me be unjust,
Fals to my word, or faithless to my trust;
Bid me the baneful error, counsellor's fee,
And shun the world to find repose in thee;

When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
Or interest shut my ear to sorrow's cry;
Or leading custom would my reason bend
My foe to flatter, or desert my friend,
Present kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off, unvanquish'd, from the field!

If giddy fortune should return again,
With all her idle, restless, wanton train;

Her magic glass should false ambition hold,
Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold;
To my relief, those virtuous goddesses, *beasts*,
And with thee bring thy smiling daughters thrice
Health, liberty, and wisdom; — sisters bright!
Whose charms can make the worst condition light,
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affection and disarm despair;
In chains, in torments, pleasures can beguile,
And dress in smiles the tyrant brow of death.

Song. Written by the author of the *Isis*.
From that beautiful expression of love in the Song of Solomon
"Turn away thine eyes from me for they have overcome me."

O Thou whose tender serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind of love;
The gentle azure of the sky,
The purple shadow of the grove;
O mix their beautiful beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

Alas! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft so keen a ray:
In pity then my lovely fair,
Turn those killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal,
One charm, where naught but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myra, die of thee.

A Song to
Eternal Wisdom;
Thee the creator
With thy loud voice
And heavenly
Place me on the
To travel with
With what amazement
The wonders of
Thy hand how
How wondrous
Ting'd with a blue
And star'd line
There thou hast
Their endless
There the pale
And day obeys
Part 2
Downward I turn
On clouds and
Those under regions
Thy num'rous
The noisy winds
Thy orders to
With founding
To make thy
There, like a true
Thy thunder
While the red light
The banners of
On the thin air
Hang fruitful
At thy command
Their fatness
Part
Now to the east
And cast my
Glancing the
Bless'd isles, corn
How did his
Your fields in
A thousand
Tall oaks for
Fair Albion's
While corn and
Those luxuriant
The bleating flocks

A Song to Creating Wisdom. by Isaac Watts d.d.

Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise, And herds of larger size,
Thee the creation sings: That bellon through the ^{meads,} ^{Indian,}
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, & seas, His bounteous hand supplies.
And heaven's high palace rings. Part 4

Place me on the bright wings of day, We see the Thames caress the shores,
To travel with the sun; He guides her silver flood;
With what amaze shall I survey While angry Severn swells & roars,
The wonders thou hast done Yet hears her ruler God.
Thy hand how wide it spread the sky, The rolling mountains of the deep
How wondrous to behold? Observe his strong command;
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye, His breath can raise the billow steep,
And star'd like sparkling gold. Or sink them in the sand.
There thou hast bid the globes of light, Amidst thy watry kingdom, Lord,
Their endless circles run; The finny nations play,
There the pale planet rules the night, And scaly monsters, at thy word,
And day obeys the sun. Rush through the Northern sea,

Part 2

Part 5

Downward I turn my wond'ring eye, Thy glories shine all nature round,
On clouds and storms below, And strike the gazing sight,
Those under regions of the skies Through skies, & seas, & solid ground,
Thy num'rous glories show. With terror and delight.
The noisy winds stand ready there Infinite strength, & equal skill,
Thy orders to obey, Shine through the worlds abroad
With sounding wings they sweep, ^{the air,} Our souls with vast amazement,
To make thy chariot way. And speak the builder God.
There, like a trumpet, loud & strong, But the sweet beauties of thy grace,
Thy thunder shakes our coast; Our softer passions move;
While the red lightnings wave along, Pity Divine in Jesus' face
The banners of thine host. We see, adore, and love.

On the thin air without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around.

At thy command they sink & drop, Almighty Maker, God!
Their fatness on the ground. How wondrous is thy name!

Part 3

Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad.

Glancing the British isles along; Nature in ev'ry drep,
Bless'd isles, confess your God. Her humble homage pays,
How did his wondrous skill array And find a thousand ways to express
Your fields in charming green; Thine undissembled praise.
A thousand herbs his art display

A thousand flowers between! In native white and red
Tall oaks for future navies grow, The rose and lily stands,
Fair Albion's best defence, And free from pride, their beauties
While corn and vines rejoice below To show thy skilful hand.
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feed, The lark mounts up the sky,

With unambitious song,
And bear her Maker's praise on,
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise to sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue ^{my King,} adore,
And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Ere all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, ray soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

To Mr. Watts, on his Poems sacred
to Devotion. by E. Row.

To murmuring streams, in tender strain,
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complain,
Along the flow'ry shore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face

My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes his air and youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme:

I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, Watts, to thy celestial strain,
Surpris'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat:

The bending forest lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wings,

Unto the new-found realms which
The latter sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies.

Philomela.

Meditation in a Grove. by Watts.

Sweet muse, descend and bless the shade,

And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day and fled,
And every care, but, love.

But hence, ye wanton young & gay
Mine is a purer flame:

No Phillis shall infect the air,
With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possess'd,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:

He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest qui

Shall flock around my song,

With joy to hear the name they

Sound from
His charms
And hold
While silence
And bends

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Sound from a mortal tongue.
His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

To Mrs. Singer. (Now Mrs. Rowe.) On the Sight of
some of her divine Poems, never Printed

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;
"Is Philomela's voice, the neighbouring shepherds cry;"
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My fountretir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

11

Now be my harp forever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I bid all but the immortal strings;
Now these immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of Heav'n, and propagate the joy.
Set all my powers with awe profound
While Philomela sings,
Attend the the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial,
Oldham, Dryden, &c. J. Watts.

I judge the muse of ~~love~~ desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.

In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those quady tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots drep: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging fire.

II

Die Flora: die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Strip of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies her imps should wait upon her shade.

III

Earl of
Rocheſter. *Scraphon, of noble blood and mind,
(Forever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But, Cindulgent Heaven!
"So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my songs: For not the silver Thames,
"Nor Tyber with his yellow streams
"In endless currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er delute the poison, or wash out the stain."
So Moses by divine command,
Forbid the leprous how to stand,
When deep the fatal spot was grown.
Break down the timber, and dig up the stone.

Few Happy Matches.

Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And whom the happy pairs,
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hand,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,

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As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe which hell inspires
With wanton flames: those raging fires
The purer bliss destroys:
On Aetna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning drench the bed
To improve the burning joy.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms,
None of the melting passions warm,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With officers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholly strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes, with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bag.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With fire brands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tyger from the dear,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves;

Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

The Indian Philosopher. To Mr. Henry Bendish.

Why should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange the chain that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wild field of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and crop the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

"He sang th' ethereal rolling flame,
"The vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose:
"But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
"Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
"And jarring tempers rose.

"The mighty Power that form'd the mind
"One mould for every tree design'd,
"And blest the new born pair;
"This be a match for this; (he said)
"Then down he sent the souls he made,
To seek them bodies here:

"But parting from their warm abode,
"They lost their fellows on the road,

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"And never join'd their hands:
"Ah cruel chance and crooping fates!
"Our eastern souls have lost their mates,
"On Europe's barbarous lands.

"Happy the youth that finds his bride,
"Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
"The sweetest joy of life
"But oh! the crowds of wretched souls,
"Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
"And chain'd to eternal strife!"

"Thus sung the wondrous Indian bard;
"My soul with vast attention heard,
"While ganges ceas'd to flow;
"Sure then, (I cried) might I but see
"That gentle nymph that twin'd with me,
"I may be happy too.

Some courteous angel tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair,
Or distant seas detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
I'd fly to meet and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain.

From Hervey's Reflections on a Flower Garden

When snows descend and robe the fields
In Winter's bright array;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When spring appears; when violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume;
How soon the fragrance breathes its last!
How shortliv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the summer-rose
Hangs with'ring ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone,

With gliding fire, an evening star
Streaks the autumnal skies;
Shook from the sphere, it darts away
And, in an instant, dies,

Such are the charms that flush the cheek,
And sparkle in the eye;

So from the lovely finish'd form
The transient graces fly,

To this the seasons, as they roll,
Their attestations bring:
They warn the fair their every round
Confirms the truths I sing.

Address to the Husbands.

When thou O Man! the lovely fair can find,
Whose Manners soft, with mental grace is join'd,
Her breast repleat with gentleness and love,
Her form by such as fancy shall approve.
O take her to thy Home, thy arms thy heart:
Let naught but death the nuptial tie dispart;
She is thy best, thy bosom friend thy Wife,
Ordain'd by heaven the noblest balm of life
As mistress of thy House confess her sway,
And thus instruct thy servants to obey;
Let no imperious airs, her peace annoy,
She share thy Grief, and let her share thy joy
Let Meekness guide when thou her faults reprove,
And may each Admonition flow from love
Trust all thy secrets to her gentle breast,
And there repose thy anxious thoughts to rest.
Be faithful to her Bed, she owns thy race,
She charming pledges which thy Union grace,
And oh when fell disease exerts its power,
And sad affliction darkens every hour.
When palled sickness o'er her Cheeks is spread,
And the fair train of rosey charms are fled,
When all the beauties languish in her Eye,
And her soft Bosom heaves the aching sigh!
O let Affection sumptuous glow,
Sooth all her pangs and mitigate her Woe;
Be all attention, all thy aid impart,
With sweet endearments raise her drooping heart:
And ere she forms a wish her wishes grant;
From the one look of pity would avail,
And ease her pain when ten Physicians fail.
O let her tender frame, engage thy care,
And let thy kinness all her sufferings share;
Be this the darling object of thy life,
To love, to cherish, and to bless thy Wife.